

Christian Kracht, *Faserlanad* (KiWi, 1995)

Siehe auch: <https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Faserland>

Engl. translation: Emma Henson

So it begins that I stand at Fisch-Gosch in List auf Sylt and drink a Jever out of the bottle. Fisch-Gosch, a fish stall, is so well known because it is the northernmost in Germany. It stands at the highest end of Sylt, right by the sea, and you think there should be a border, but in reality it's just a fish stall.

So I stand there at Gosch and drink a Jever. Because it is a little cold and a west wind blows, I wear a Barbour jacket with lining. In the meantime I eat two portions of scampi with garlic sauce, even though it was bad the first time. The sky is blue. From time to time a thick cloud pushes through the sun. A little while ago I met Karin again. We know each other from Salem, even though we didn't speak with each other then, and I saw her a few times in Traxx in Hamburg and in P1 in Munich.

She looks good enough with her short blonde hair. She has a little too much gold on her fingers for my taste. Even though, the way she laughs and throws her hair into her neck and bends slightly back, it's clear that she's good in bed. Besides, she's already drank two glasses of Chablis at the least. Karin studies business administration in Munich. At least that's what she says. Exactly you can't really know. She also wears a Barbour jacket, though it's a blue one. Even as we spoke about Barbour jackets, she said she didn't want to buy a green one, because the blue looks better when they're frayed. But I don't think that. I like my green Barbour jacket more. Frayed Barbour jackets lead to nothing. I will explain later what I mean by that.

Karin is here with her brother's dark blue S-Class Mercedes; he works in futures in Frankfurt. She explains that the Mercedes is quite good, because it can drive very quickly and has a telephone. I tell her that I don't find Mercedeses good on principle. Then she says it'll surely rain tonight, and I tell her, no, certainly not. I poke my fork in the scampi. I don't want to finish it anymore. Karin has rather blue eyes. Are they colored contacts?

Then she talks about Gaultier and that she thinks he's lost his touch, and she finds Christian Lacroix much better, because he uses such incredible colors, or something like that. I don't listen exactly.

Someone from Gosch calls constantly over the microphone, something about ordered mussels, and that always distracts me, because I imagine that one of the mussels is spoiled and tonight some Chablis-drinking pleb will get a bad stomach ache and have to be taken to the hospital out of fear of salmonella or something similar. I have to grin at how I imagine, and Karin thinks I grin about the joke that she's just told, and she grins back, even though I haven't heard what she said.

I light a cigarette, and while Karin continues to talk, I watch a black greyhound with a collar with those tiny golden cows. The dog shits behind the table. The dog poops strangely half-standing and I can see exactly how a quarter of the shit sticks to his butt.

I already have to grin again even though right now I'm quite unwell, because something about the scampi tasted strange. I interrupt Karin and ask don't we want to drive to Odin, toward Kampen. She says yes and I finish my beer, although I don't really like Jever, and we go to her car, because I'm not in the mood to sit in my narrow Triumph.